

Recd. 1/4/93
O.K.
C.M.

January 11th 1893

My Dear Friends,

That 'mind's eye' method of taking pictures, I fear is sometimes deceitful, at least you have proved its untrustworthiness in the case of last Sunday.

It was a bitter cold day, fully as cold as the Christmas Sunday, we went together; but I put on my weather coat of mail "turkey" etc — and called forth with basket and dog. Poor little Laetia's feet nearly froze going down there, and when I reached the door — the old lady rushed out to say that I must not come

in, as the children were all
down sick, and the Doctor, although
he would not yet say what ailed
them, had forbidden them to let
any one into the house. There is a
scourge of diphtheria in the neigh-
borhood. — There was a child's
funeral going on across the street
while I was there. I am so
anxious to know how they are.
I shall go down next Sunday
and leave a basket at the
door, so as to inquire.

You are very kind to give
me the credit of your pleasant
vacation; it is quite undeserved.
I assure you, as I did almost
nothing throughout the holidays
but selfishly enjoy myself.

We have had two postals
from Leicester, but no letter

as yet.

Your friend Mr Vaile called here three times last week. I can't imagine what possessed him — does he always do that kind of thing when he meets a new young lady?

I never met him until the night of our social, you know.

I have not been skating since you left — the weather has been too severe, — one party was planned but given up.

I am glad your college work is so congenial this year, my duties are indeed, so, as they consist chiefly of music, painting, drawing, reading what my taste dictates and enjoying myself generally besides cheering and entertaining the dear ones at

home; a rather aimless, worthless
programme. I am afraid you
are thinking, though you are too
generous to say so.

I am reading John Halifax
again, for the fourth or fifth
time, so as to keep up with you.
It is a book, one does not grow
tired of, and one cannot read
it thoughtfully, without feeling
a stronger desire to be noble,
pure in heart and true to ones
self. The friendship between
the lads is so ideal — the weaker
nature clinging to the stronger
and the stronger rejoicing in
his ability to be helpful.

Throughout the whole book, there
is an absence of all weak senti-
mentality, and only a rugged
characterization of the noblest
and best in our humanity —
but there — I am telling
you all my thoughts, instead
of waiting to hear your impress-
ions of it, first.

There were many other things
I wanted to tell you about —
but am growing so sleepy I
fear they would be very mud-
dled;

With kind remembrances
to your sister, believe me

Sincerely, Your friend
Grace E. Hall.

orig. 1/18/92
C.E.H.

Stitch, stitch, stitch!

Who's so busy from morn till night?

One whose seldom out of sight;

Which one do you think I mean?

Though he's constantly to be seen

At Baldwin and Peters everyday

He's always and ever so they say

By night and by day furrow and eye

Hemming, hemming. hemming, away

One of my valentines received
at "Baldern Cottage," Oberlin
College,

February, 14, 1893

From I know not whom
C. L. W.

Later made by "Lucy Morley" '93
Dec. 14.



Mr. Charles E. Huntington
45 West College Street
Oberlin
Ohio

